

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 449.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

A VISIT TO PARKHURST.

IN my second last paper, I referred to the little pains taken in this country to prevent juvenile delinquency. In this respect, we are behind every respectable nation in Europe. The streets of no city in Holland, Belgium, Germany, or France, that I have seen, exhibit such a crew of dirty and miserable-looking little wretches as are to be seen daily in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, and other large seats of population, and whose almost homeless and lawless condition is a positive scandal to the community. Falling, as a matter of course, into the commission of petty delinquencies, they again and again figure before magistrates in the police-courts, and, improving as they proceed, by a vicious system of imprisonment, they in due time "work their way," as it is called, to the bar of the Old Bailey, the Court of Justiciary, or some other of the higher tribunals. The strange thing about all this is, that it is perfectly well known and understood, and yet that no means whatsoever, excepting such as flow from the efforts of private benevolence, have ever been attempted for its melioration. Having at length, by the indifference of the law, reached a court which is empowered to hang or banish, as may seem most suitable, the little ragged good-for-nothing varlet—who is perhaps so low in stature as to require to be mounted on a chair, in order that the jury may obtain a proper view of his shrewd and ill-washed countenance—is ordered to be hanged or banished accordingly; and thus society, with great thankfulness and complacency, has got rid of a being who has been tormenting it for the last half dozen years, and cost the country an immense deal of money one way and another.

For a number of years back, it has not been customary to hang boys. The practice terminated with the reign of George III. Since that period, they have more usually been sent to the prison at Millbank, to the Hulks in the Thames, where they have been compelled to work in a condition worse than that of brutes, or transported to New South Wales, where they were assigned as slaves. In only a few instances, and these of a peculiarly favourable nature, have the convicts been reclaimed, instructed, or improved; the greater proportion having been turned loose on society, at home or abroad, much more deeply sunk in moral depravity than at the commencement of their course of servitude. Latterly, an immense improvement has been effected in the disposal of young male convicts. Instead of being permanently lodged in any penal establishments of the old stamp, they are, according to the judgment of the Secretary of State, sent to a prison or penitentiary in the Isle of Wight, which, as already stated, I visited during my stay in that island, and now propose describing to the reader.

The establishment, which externally resembles a large suite of barracks for soldiers, enclosed with a lofty wall, is situated on the face of a rising piece of ground about a mile and a half north from Newport, on the road to Cowes, and is therefore favourably placed as respects both salubrity and convenience. There is also an advantage in its being placed on an island, as the chance of escape and connivance is by that means very materially lessened. For reasons which require no explanation, there is no indiscriminate admittance of strangers to see the interior, and it was only by an order from the Home-Office communicated to the governor, that I was enabled to make the visit which I desired. On entering by the gateway in the outer wall, we find ourselves in a spacious open quadrangle, surrounded by suites of brick edifices

two storeys in height, with the house and offices of the governor in the centre; behind, or farther up the very gentle slope, is a tract of enclosed land, disposed as fields for manual culture. The whole arrangements without and within doors appear to be on a magnificent and well-considered plan in reference to the required object; every thing being designed and conducted on a scale of military exactness, cleanliness, and discipline. The officials employed have for the greater part been in the army, and are dressed in a half military costume.

Captain Woolcombe, a gentleman who had for some years retired from active service and engaged himself in benevolent plans of juvenile instruction on a private estate, having been induced to accept the command of the institution, is installed as governor and director; and to this excellent specimen of the frank and intelligent Englishman I was speedily introduced, and conducted with much kindness over the whole establishment; receiving, at the same time, an account of the purposes of the prison, and the mode of carrying them into effect.

The institution, as I learned, was first opened for the reception of inmates in December 1838, and in the course of twelve months the number sent to it was 157. At the time of my visit, there were 180, and the accommodation will eventually admit 320. All the prisoners are boys from nine to sixteen years of age, the greater proportion, apparently, being from about eleven to thirteen, or of that age and appearance usually seen at day schools. Each boy, on entering, is dressed in a coarse grey suit, with his number, and the letters P. P. strongly marked on the breast. The objects sought to be attained by the course of treatment are twofold—the penal correction of the boy, with a view to deter, not himself only, but juvenile offenders generally, from the commission of crime; and the moral reformation of the culprit. To carry the first of these objects into effect, the utmost care is taken to avoid any species of discipline which is inconsistent with the habits and character of youth, or calculated in any degree to harden and degrade. Captain Woolcombe assured me that he should have had nothing to do with the institution, if the old "cast-iron" system of punishment had formed a part of the contemplated design. We must reclaim and instruct, said he, and that by gentle treatment, yet in a manner so little attractive, that none will be tempted to commit crime for the sake of being sent hither.* It is gratifying to find the governor of a great penal establishment breathing such a spirit of philanthropy as this, and the announcement contrasts strangely with what we have previously known of the old and vengeful modes of punishment. It is not less gratifying to find that Captain Woolcombe's exertions in the prosecution of this arduous and important work, have been ably supported by the Rev. Thomas England, who acts as chaplain. In the brief conversation which I was so fortunate as to have with this gentleman, I found him to be inspired with liberal and just sentiments regarding elementary education; and to his honourable and zealous labours, as respects the moral and religious training of the prisoners, much of the welfare of the establishment may doubtless be ascribed.

Respecting every boy admitted into the prison, an account has been taken of the causes of his criminal

* In an article entitled "A Visit to Newgate," in the 307th number of the Journal, it is stated as the belief of an individual, that the opening of the Parkhurst penitentiary had caused an increase of juvenile crime in the metropolis. This notion, having been scrupulously investigated, is proved to be without foundation.

career, condition of parents and friends, attendance on schools and at public worship, acquirements, books read, occupation, habits, and of his conduct in confinement. From the official report which embodies these criminal statistics, we draw the following very remarkable particulars in reference to 153 boys who were in the prison at one time in 1839. First, with respect to the assigned causes of crime, of which we present a few specimens:—"Indulgent mother; kept bad company—Bad management of parents; vicious acquaintances—Want of early correction; made worse by prison contamination—Bad company; ignorance; beer shops—Bad companions; loss of mother; neglected by father—Parents both drunkards; cruelly used by them—Sent out to beg and steal by mother; forced into crime—Parents vagrants; great ignorance; bred in idleness—Utterly neglected—Stole money to pay for admission to theatres—Parents respectable; bad companions older than himself." In the greater number of cases, want of parental attention, ignorance, and bad company, are given as the causes of early error; and on turning to the table of convictions, we find that most of the children had been several times in custody and imprisoned; 1 had been thirteen times convicted and imprisoned, 1 ten times, 1 six times, 6 five times, 15 four times, 26 three times, 46 twice, and 56 once; 1 unknown. It would therefore appear that the ordinary mode of convicting and punishing boys by short imprisonments, is of little or no value in reclaiming, but that in many instances it hardens the young offender in his vicious course of life.

Nearly one-half the number of boys were from London, and the remainder from the rest of England, with the exception of 11 from Scotland, 1 from the Isle of Man, and 2 from Quebec. Theft by house-breaking, and larceny, were generally the crimes for which they had been ultimately sentenced: 3 were under sentence of fifteen years' transportation, 1 for fourteen years, 14 for ten years, 115 for seven years, and 1 for five years; 1 for three years' imprisonment, 13 for two years, 1 for eighteen months, 2 for twelve months, and 2 for six months. It is not proposed, I believe, to retain any of the prisoners beyond two or three years at Parkhurst, in which period, it is presumed, they will have been reclaimed from their evil propensities.

The next circumstance which seems worthy of notice is, that notwithstanding the neglect of parents, the great bulk of the prisoners attended schools for several years previous to their last conviction and confinement. In a list of 157 inmates, 64 had attended the national schools in connexion with the Church of England; and of these, 10 had been at school under 1 year, 34 from 1 to 5 years, 6 from 5 to 8 years, and 4 from 8 to 12 years. Thirty-five out of the 157 had attended free schools of a different kind, and of these, 12 had been at school under 1 year, 22 from 1 to 5 years, and 1 from 5 to 8 years. Of the remainder of the 157, 4 had been at an infant school, 1 at a factory school, 1 at a workhouse school, 9 at a Sunday school, and 32 at private schools, for several years. Ten had been at no school whatever. It might be inferred from this enumeration, that education was no preventive of crime, but such an inference would be equally rash and erroneous. Some of the boys who had been at the national schools for years, and had learned to read the New Testament and repeat the catechism, were found, on examination, not to know the meaning of a single thing they had been taught; some could not even read any other book: they could read their own Testament, but reading any thing else was beyond their powers. From this and other cir-

cumstances, it appeared that the greater part of the instruction had been purely mechanical. "I remarked," observes Mr England in his Report, "that the amount of acquirement in the mechanical elements of instruction (the art of reading and repetition from memory) formed quite a contrast to the degree of actual knowledge possessed either of moral duty or religious principle; the table showing that only half the number of readers, and a third of repeaters, of the church catechism, could give even a little account of the meaning of the words read, or sounds in use. And of these it appeared to be very often the strength of the intellect exercised at the moment, that, by dint of guessing, led to the meaning of terms, and not the result of prior teaching and reflection. With our present list the proportions stand thus: 85 can in some degree read, 120 repeat some or all of the church catechism, but only 68 can give even a little account of sounds used; and of this intelligent class several have had so little instruction as to be included neither among the readers nor repeaters." These are facts which throw a flood of light on the insufficient methods of elementary instruction at the common schools in England. One hundred and ten boys have been day-scholars for 1 year and upwards to 12 years, and of these only 85 are found, on admission to Parkhurst prison, able to read even a little; and only the smallest fraction of them know any thing of the meaning of what they read! Let this fact ring in the ears of the English people, whose indifference to the institution of an improved order of schools on a right national basis, irrespective of sect or party, is one of the most reproachful facts in their history.

It being seen that, whatever has been the previous degree of schooling of the young convicts, they are all pretty much on a level of ignorance and moral depravity, one of the first steps towards their improvement is to set them to school in the institution, commencing afresh with the alphabet, and so on to reading, writing, arithmetic, along with general instruction. To afford me an idea of the mode of teaching, I was conducted to the school-rooms, which adjoin the governor's residence. These consist of a series of airy apartments, fitted up with forms and benches, and having the walls to a certain height smoothly coated with black-coloured mastic, to resemble slate or black-board. The business of instruction, which is committed to two masters, may be defined as consisting altogether of speaking by the master to the pupils, while they are placed in a gallery before him, and of causing the pupils to write with chalk upon the wall, and in their own words, that which has been told them by the teacher. Each boy learns his alphabet by drawing it with his own hand letter by letter on the wall, in imitation of large printed letters held up to him by the master. The faculty of designing figures is thus at once brought into operation, and impresses the form and name of the letter on the memory. With a piece of chalk in his hand, and facing the stripe of black-wall, the pupil enters with alacrity upon his course of self-instruction. He has something to work with and handle, and we all know the delight which youth experiences in being allowed to labour in this manner. The result, I was informed, is surprising. The alphabet is mastered in a few days; then follows the chalking of words and sentences; next comes the formation of letters used in penmanship; and in six months the boy is not only a good reader, but a tolerable writer of a copy-book. Remarkably well-written pages, in a small hand, were shown to me as having been the work of boys who, only a very few months previously, could barely stammer over the alphabet, or name words of the simplest character. Both Captain Woolcombe and Mr England spoke in terms of high approbation of this mode of teaching, which I believe is quite new. "The black wall," says Mr England in one of his reports to Lord Normanby, "presents a never-failing fund of interest to a boy. We find it able to tempt on ward even the most indolent and dull, who, placed stiffly in a class, with a spelling card and slate, would incur continual punishment for listlessness, and scarcely make any progress. There appears to be something peculiarly attractive in the quiet freedom for mind and body which wall-writing at once allows and prompts. No sooner does the young hand grasp the chalk, than the play upon the features indicates that much has been, through the medium of the gallery, implanted, and is working in the mind, and that much also will, ere long, be drawn out by the instrumentality of the wall; and the interest, my Lord, is kept up till the close. Often have I watched the tone of the school; and in place of restless countenances, anxious for the clock to strike, I have seen the prisoners still busy, with their composition ever extending as they write; or else comparing, with an interest that cannot be mistaken, their own and their neighbour's work."

In carrying forward the business of instruction, perfect silence is enjoined, and, except at periods of out-of-door exercises, the prisoners are not allowed to speak to each other. All are taught to sing, and, as appears from the Report, "singing is found to have a most beneficial moral effect, and to be a powerful auxiliary in softening and preparing the mind for instruction." This corroborates what is stated by an enlightened educationist in reference to a manual-labour school for reclaiming juvenile offenders at Berlin, under the care of Dr Koff. "When I was

there," says he, "most of the boys were employed in cutting screws for the railroad which the government was then constructing between Berlin and Leipzig; and there were but few who could not maintain themselves by their labour. As I was passing, with Dr Koff, from room to room, I heard some fine voices singing in an adjoining apartment, and on entering I found about twenty of the boys, sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The doctor enjoyed my surprise, and on going out, remarked, 'I always keep these little rogues singing at their work, for while the children sing, the devil cannot come among them at all; he can only sit out of doors there and growl; but if they stop singing, in he comes.'" Singing ought to be introduced, as a branch of elementary instruction, into every school in the country.

The means taken by the Rev. Mr England, in conjunction with the teachers, to instruct the boys in religious knowledge, both through the week and on Sundays, need not be particularised; and the degree of moral advancement will be understood from some subsequent details. From the schools we were conducted to the large mess-room, where the whole inmates were at dinner, which consisted of boiled meat, bread, and potatoes; and was eaten standing and in silence, under the eye of the sergeant attendants. The offices adjoining are disposed as a kitchen, washing-house, &c., and I was told that all the boys are obliged to wash their own clothes, and, in fact, to execute all the servile offices in the establishment. The sleeping rooms are in two or three distinct buildings, of two storeys. The rooms are disposed in rows, each opening to the outer air, by which means there are no passages in the building; the upper rows of rooms are entered by a hanging gallery half way up the outside. Besides saving space, this arrangement prevents all communication by speech between the rooms, and renders each apartment airy and readily open to inspection. Light is admitted by a small window over the door. Each room contains a small bed, and on the wall hang a printed card with a short prayer and a few religious admonitions, also a small bag containing a comb, for the use of the inmate. Good behaviour entitles each boy to the use of a book from a library of well-selected works, and it was pleasing to observe that in most of the cells there was a volume lying upon the bed. These books are sought for and perused with increasing interest, and therefore the procuring of them is a powerful motive to good conduct. From evening to morning, each boy is locked up in his separate apartment, all the rest of the day being devoted to some useful employment in school, in the work-rooms, and in the open ground.

The teaching of the boys some useful kind of trade, or labour, by which they may earn an honest subsistence on returning to society, is one of the most admirable arrangements connected with the institution. The trades now in regular course of teaching in the prison, are those of tailors and shoemakers. Such painting and whitewashing as have been required, have been done by the prisoners; as also some carpenter's work; but the latter occupation, as well as that of the smith's work, presents many temptations to criminal boys, in the use of tools for improper purposes, and if carried to any extent, might cause much difficulty, by want of a regular supply of work. Tailoring and shoemaking are not open to these objections, and at these trades eighty-four boys are now (or were lately) employed for a few hours daily. The time allotted to out-door labour, either on the land attached to the prison or within the walls, as occasion may require, is about two hours every afternoon, except in wet weather, when the boys are employed in such work inside the prison as can be provided, such as cutting and tying wood for lighting fires, making mops from old junk for prison uses, &c. In 1839, about four acres of land were sown with oats, and produced a profit of £24, 6s., independently of the straw retained for the use of the cattle. About 1100 bushels of potatoes were also raised for the use of the prison, and about 1500 were planted for consumption. At the end of the same period, the quantity of hay made by the prisoners, and on the premises, was estimated at 30 tons. The total value of work done in 203 days in 1839, at both in and out door labour, was £1,194, exclusive of what was gained by mending all the clothing and shoes which were in use, and casual labours. Being conducted into the work-rooms, I was shown a pile of jackets and other articles of attire, and also a quantity of shoes, all which had been made by the boys, and seemed of good workmanship. Captain Woolcombe expected shortly to be able to undertake a contract for clothing for the army.

The institution having been in operation only a year and a half, there is as yet little opportunity of judging of the moral and intellectual advancement of the inmates; but from what is seen, the best results are expected. One thing is remarkable; all the boys who have been conversed with on the subject, beseech that at the expiry of their period of confinement they may not be sent home to their parents, or place of birth, where they say they could not, with the best resolutions, avoid falling into the hands of their early associates. What is to be done with those unfortunate children, is the most difficult matter of consideration connected with the plan of the penitentiary; it is only intended, as I have said, that they should individually remain in the prison two or three years, and I should anxiously hope that, before their removal,

the government will have discovered some humane and advantageous mode of transplanting them to those districts in our colonies where their services at some honest labour will be in regular request. Be this as it may, and taking the establishment at its present stage of progress, I have no hesitation in naming it as one of the most beneficial institutions of the age, and reflecting the highest honour on the government who designed and supports it.

STORY OF THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

GEORGE ST CLAIR, the descendant of a respectable English family, succeeded in early youth to a considerable property in one of our West Indian colonial settlements. His parents resided in England, but, at the age of sixteen, having been attacked by some unpleasant pulmonary symptoms, he had been sent out to try the sanatory influence of a more genial climate than that of his nativity. Three years afterwards, he became, by his father's death, proprietor of the estate upon which he was then resident, and, having acquired a liking for the country, he took the resolution, although now perfectly well, of making it his permanent abode. Shortly after this determination was adopted, an incident befell him, the ultimate consequences of which, we imagine, will have some interest for our readers.

At the time to which we refer, the slave-trade existed in full vigour in the tropical colonies of Britain. Mr St Clair, though of a warm heart and generous feelings, and noted, moreover, for his kindness to those whom circumstances had made his bondsmen, acted like his neighbours in regard to the sale and purchase of these unfortunate, when occasion required. It chanced, that, about the date alluded to, he had occasion to go to the slave-market of the town adjoining his estate, being requested by his overseer to procure an additional worker. Mr St Clair was not so far seared by habit as to like the scenes which a slave-market usually exhibited; but, in the present instance, there were but a few negroes to be disposed of, and nearly all of them were single men, who were comparatively cheerful, or at least resigned to their fate. Our young proprietor soon fixed upon a tall, stout, well-formed young negro, as a proper person for his purpose. On inquiry, he found that the man had been for some time in the colony, but by his side stood a young negress, more recently arrived, and who was his wife, or, it may be, his bride. The same hard fate had brought her from her native land, which had previously caused his exile. They met in the market, and received one another with tears of mingled joy and grief. Mr St Clair had not witnessed this scene, but he was informed of the particulars by others.

The two slaves belonged to different masters, and Mr St Clair became in the first instance the legal owner of the negro. Pitying the poor coloured pair, he immediately sought, against the counsels of his overseer, who was along with him, to purchase the negress, and prevent their separation. To this he was urged at once by his own feelings, and by the entreating looks of the unfortunate Africans. But Mr St Clair allowed his wishes to become too clearly apparent, and those persons into whose temporary possession the young negress had fallen, took advantage of the circumstance to ask an exorbitant price. The overseer, a man familiarised to the ways of the country, remonstrated with his master against such a payment. Mr St Clair hesitated, and, while he did so, the female slave became the property of another.

It is disagreeable to have even to mention such a thing as the sale of human beings, but it is essential to our story that the particulars of this event should be understood. Mr St Clair, to use a common expression, never repented of not completing this bargain but once, and that was always. More particularly did he feel disposed to regret his indecision, when his new negro worker fell under his eye on the estate. He had given especial orders that the poor African should be well treated every way. The man proved an excellent worker, and was most diligent in his duties, but he associated little with his companions, and always exhibited a degree of sadness and reserve, which either indicated a mind above his condition, or evinced his sorrow for the loss of the mistress of his affections. Mr St Clair, when he looked at the man, could not help imagining that both causes operated on his mind, and at last began to take so deep an interest in him as to resolve upon purchasing his wife at any cost, and reuniting the two. The female slave had been taken to the neighbouring estate of Mr Lightburn, and thither Mr St Clair betook himself, with a view of sounding his neighbour proprietor upon the subject of a purchase or exchange. He found his friend Mr Lightburn not unwilling, for a sufficient price, to part with the negress, and that price Mr St Clair was willing to give. The matter was not finally settled on that occasion, but our young and generous colonist held the compact to be perfectly understood, and rode home with feelings of great satisfaction, anticipating the pleasure of bringing the separated pair together on the morrow.

His views were doomed to be frustrated. On that very night, Gomez, as the negro had been named, disappeared from the St Clair estate, and at the same time the female slave also fled from the adjoining one of Mr Lightburn. Of the latter circumstance Mr St Clair soon heard, for his neighbour held by the bar-

gain as a thing virtually completed, and the other, not being able conscientiously to deny this, found himself bound to make his engagement good. A search was ordered for the fugitives, but it proved fruitless; and all that came out on inquiry was, that the other negroes on the two estates suspected two or three secret meetings to have taken place between the missing parties, notwithstanding all the intervening obstacles.

Considering the purposes which he had in view, it was natural for Mr St Clair to regret this event, and he did so the more, as the interminable woods and wilds of the interior, which must have given shelter for the time, he thought, to the fugitives, were but too likely to prove their grave. It was not that starvation could readily overtake them, for, in that rich clime, the earth produced fruits of itself in abundance, as fabled to do in the golden age, and even clothing was a work requiring little labour or skill; but then the greater part of the country was infested by animals deadly to man. These reflections increased Mr St Clair's regret at the flight of Gomez. But time, that throws its pall over all mortal things and feelings, banished ere long the remembrance of the fugitive. Mr St Clair saw many summers and winters pass away after the date of this event. He married, had children, and became a widower. Of his children, one daughter alone survived to mature years. She, however, was a creature fitted to supply the place of many children, being singular alike for her beauty and excellence of disposition. It was the more fortunate for her father that such was the case, as in his advanced years, or, at least, when he had reached the age of fifty, misfortunes began to fall thick and sore upon him, and he greatly needed a domestic comforter. His mishaps were partly to be ascribed to the weather and climate, and partly to the law. A litigious neighbour—one of the severest pests that can befall a little community—involved Mr St Clair in contests which his open and unsuspecting character but little fitted him to conduct with success, or even to escape from without great disadvantage. It is needless to enter into the details, however, of Mr St Clair's misfortunes. It is enough to mention that his patrimonial property dwindled away very considerably in his hands, and even the portion which remained became comparatively valueless to him. His slaves, being property of a peculiarly available kind in these countries, were parted with by degrees, to an extent that materially impaired the productiveness of the small landed estate saved from the wreck. Mr St Clair bitterly lamented the separation, as much from kind feeling towards his people, as from a regard to his own diminishing fortunes; nor was the regret less on their part, for to him they had been bondsmen only in name. In short, the latter years of Mr St Clair were full of new and painful privations. He was reckoned by his neighbours a falling man, and many prophesied that his all would go from him, and his final days be penurious.

"My poor Helen," said he one day to his daughter, "I can scarcely bear to see you so cheerful. Do you know what you have lost? I fear you cannot comprehend it, or you would be more downcast." "I know—I comprehend it well, dear father," was the daughter's reply; "but I can look at it all in the face and yet be cheerful. Besides, I know that much of your care and vexation is about me, and I wish to show you that it is uncalled for. I do not vex and fret myself because I am no longer an heiress. If we have but enough to live upon, and while you are with me, I am contented and happy—yes, happy." The father was silent for a moment, and then continued the conversation. "Ah! I question if we shall even have enough long, my poor girl. The remnant of our property is falling to wreck for want of proper cultivation, and more of it must be sold, I fear, to save the rest. But, Helen, my love," proceeded he, after a pause, "have you thought how this must affect you otherwise? Can you bear up against the cruel blow which must come upon you in another way than by pecuniary losses—though caused by them?" "You allude to my engagement with Captain Lightburn, father," said Miss St Clair, with a light and flitting blush, yet such a one as is called to the cheek of youthful maiden by one subject alone. "Yes, I do, my dear," replied the father. "My poor Helen, be prepared for the worst. Mr Lightburn, too, has at length become cold, or rather inimical, to your sinking father; the son will do the same, or will not, at least, be permitted to do otherwise." "No, no, you wrong him," said the young lady hastily. "Captain Lightburn has written to me; he is to be home in a few days, and he has pressed me to consent to the immediate fulfilment of our engagement, though his father, by letter, had requested him to break it off at once, as he best may. Do him justice, dear father; such is the purport of his letter. I received it yesterday, but did not wish to vex you by disclosing it." "And have you answered it, Helen?" asked Mr St Clair. "I have, sir," said the young lady; "I fulfilled his father's wish by setting him formally at liberty, and expressed my intention never to consent to any step of which his father was not cognisant." "That is my own, my good Helen," exclaimed Mr St Clair, folding her in his arms. "And can you bear up against this shock, my sweet child?" Miss St Clair was silent for a few moments, and her tears fell fast in the meanwhile. "Yes, dear father, I will try. And fear not," continued she more cheerfully, "it is my duty, and I will be supported in the struggle!"

The partial sale of Mr St Clair's properties, and

his generally declining condition, could not fail to be widely known. He had ever been well liked, and his misfortunes were the subject of general talk and general commiseration. The latter feeling was greatly strengthened when it became known that the marriage of two young people who had loved one another from their infancy, namely, Captain Lightburn and Miss St Clair, was decisively broken up from the same cause, the father of the lover having forbidden the union. Mr Lightburn, it was known, was not a bad man, but he was avaricious, and had formed the hope, it was supposed, of getting a great bargain of the remaining St Clair property through his neighbour's necessities. This expectation had led him to break his promise.

The very negroes of the neighbourhood were enraged at this conduct of Mr Lightburn. A group of them were standing in the street of the district village one day, and showing teeth at a great rate against him, when one of them suddenly said, "Massa Sanclaire nebbor do berry well after him no buy Gomez' wife. Ah, you no mind Gomez. Nebber mind, me am old. Me mind dem well." One of the others present, also an old negro, turned upon the speaker at these words, and exclaimed, "What you say! Massa Sanclaire berry good man—dat is, good for white man. Him buy Gomez' wife dat indontickle night Gomez run away, and him nebbor know noting at all about it." Here a second interruption took place. Unnoticed to any of the others, this conversation, with all that had preceded it, had been overheard by an elderly stranger negro, a wild-looking being, with a head of white wool, and a garment of the rudest and scantiest description even for the tropics. This man called on the talkers to repeat their words. They did so, and having listened to it with an air of suppressed eagerness, he turned away, and disappeared.

Scarcely a week afterwards, a strange scene took place at Mr St Clair's dwelling. The proprietor was seated along with his daughter in the cool of the evening at an open balcony, the father more depressed in spirits than ever, and the daughter labouring with the tenderest patience to soothe and cheer her parent. "All will be well yet, dear father," said she repeatedly; "all will be well. Do not give way. Something will occur to befriend us, if you will but be cheerful and active." The dutifulness of the speaker deserved such befriending, and at that very moment it was not far off. Great was the surprise of the father and child to behold, soon afterwards, a string of negroes, more than twenty in number, troop in before them, headed by one old negro, and a female advanced also in years. The group was an extraordinary one, and a very slight observation was necessary to discover that the whole group, who presented the appearance of a regular gradation in age, from thirty downwards, and who were composed of individuals of both sexes, were all members of one family, the heads of which were the two old negroes alluded to. All of them were scantily clad, but evidently redundant in health and animation. They knelt before the surprised St Clairs, and all of them followed the example of the elder ones in exclaiming, "Pardon, massa! pardon, massa!"

A light broke suddenly on Mr St Clair's mind. He came down to the group, and exclaimed, "You are Gomez!" "Yes, massa! pardon!" "We shall not weary the reader with the explanation of Gomez in his own words. On the occasion of his flight with his wife, he had gone far inland, and, when almost despairing of life, had lighted on a small colony of blacks, runaways like himself, who had fixed themselves in a secluded spot, and who there kept themselves in existence, for many years, by mutual aid. Of this settlement Gomez became a member, and continued so for many years. During all that time, he had only once or twice, and with great caution, visited the frequented districts of the colony. On the last occasion, he had heard tidings about Mr St Clair which made a deep impression on him. The runaway negro had a warm and generous heart, and he never had forgotten the kindness of his old master, to whom, moreover, he was intelligent enough to know, he was regularly bound by a legal payment, or outlay of money, on the other's part. As his family grew up, their outlawed and precarious condition, as a runaway race, had often inclined him to give himself up, and, after hearing of Mr St Clair's distresses, he went back to his colony with a fixed resolution to return to his master, and relieve his wants by the hands of himself and his family, which numbered twenty-one members. Even these formed still but a part of his family, for two or three of his elder children had united their fortunes with those of other young persons of the original colony, and a few young, merry-eyed, white-teethed, grinning creatures, slung at the backs of the stronger members of the party, had a right to call old Gomez grandfather.

Such was the story that Gomez told, and which he closed by the reiterated cry of "Pardon, massa! pardon!" Mr St Clair, for many reasons, was deeply affected by this event. But his first answering exclamation was, "No! no! I can never hold myself entitled to a right over this family." The simple creatures, however, cried at his refusal, and laughed when they gained his permission that they should at least serve and work for him. And upon these terms of voluntary servitude did the healthy and happy race of Gomez enter upon the St Clair estate. The proprietor of it, however, insisted upon formally manu-

mitting the parents, and the young ones remained as hired servants ever afterwards.

Need we say what was the consequence of this new horde of cultivators upon the estate of Mr St Clair? Under the government of Gomez, the fields soon resumed their former aspect, and the proprietor became a "comfortable" man, if not quite so rich as before. Mr Lightburn speedily lost all hope, also, of getting a bargain of the property, and was content to let it come into his family in a more pleasant and respectable way, namely, by the intermarriage of his son with the beautiful and dutiful heiress.

And so ends this TRUE STORY.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

THE Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, written chiefly by himself, and arranged by his sons, form one of the most interesting works of the day, whether regarded as a piece of biography, or as a description of the career of a man in public life. For the sake of those who may not have it in their power to peruse the original, and also that we may attract to the work the attention of those who are placed in more fortunate circumstances, we beg to offer the following brief sketch.

Samuel Romilly was descended, through both his parents, from respectable families, expatriated from the south of France at the commencement of the eighteenth century, on account of their attachment to the Protestant religion. The father became a jeweller in London, and followed that profession with success during his life, being a man of good abilities and the most estimable character. His children were numerous, but few survived to mature years. Samuel, born in 1757, was left in infancy chiefly to the care of servants, his mother being afflicted with ill health; and, at this early point of his career, impressions were made upon his mind which well deserve attention, as having materially influenced his after-career. On reaching nearly the prime of life, he wrote a biographical sketch of his youthful days for his own gratification; and in this record, with which the volumes before us open, he thus refers to the period in question:—"It is commonly said to be the happy privilege of youth to feel no misfortunes but the present, to be careless of the future, and forgetful of the past. That happy privilege I cannot recollect having ever enjoyed. In my earliest infancy, my imagination was alarmed, and my fears awakened, by stories of devils, witches, and apparitions; and they had a much greater effect upon me than is even usual with children; at least I judge so, from their effect being of a more than usual duration. The images of terror with which those tales abound, infested my imagination very long after I had discarded all belief in the tales themselves, and in the notions on which they are built; and even now, although I have been accustomed for many years to pass my evenings and my nights in solitude, and without even a servant sleeping in my chambers, I must, with some shame, confess that they are sometimes very unwelcome intruders upon my thoughts.

I had other apprehensions, and some of a kind which are commonly reserved for maturer years. I was oppressed with a constant terror of death, not indeed for myself, but for my father, whose life was certainly much dearer to me than my own. I never looked on his countenance, on which care and affliction had deeply imprinted premature marks of old age, without reflecting that there could not be many years of his excellent life still to come. If he returned home later than usual, though but half an hour, a thousand accidents presented themselves to my mind; and, when put to bed, I lay sleepless, and in the most tormenting anxiety, till I heard him knock." This uncommon sensitiveness of disposition, partly natural, perhaps, but most certainly fostered also, to a large degree, by the unfortunate morbidness of fancy alluded to, tended ultimately to produce consequences most unhappy for Romilly himself, as well as for his country, to which he had made his life of the deepest value. A warning to parents, and all employed about the young, is thus to be drawn from this case, in which we see one of the most powerful of human intellects unalterably affected by erroneous treatment in mere infancy.

When a little further advanced in life, Romilly was sent to a very inferior school, selected seemingly because it had been once kept by a French refugee, and because many persons of that description (who were always very intimate among themselves, and attended a common place of worship) still sent their children thither. The miserable creature who kept this seminary was a tyrant to all but a few boys of the more affluent class, among whom Romilly was numbered; but the latter gives us a remarkable proof of the early excellence of his disposition, by telling us that he was wont to "burn with shame at not being among the victims of the master's injustice." He also made the observation, that the ill-conduct of the boys increased in proportion to the cruelty exercised upon them. After learning, at this school, scarcely any thing but a little French, Samuel was taken away, and various schemes were proposed for his settlement in life. The profession of an attorney was thought of, as also that of a merchant, and several others. Fortunately, obstacles sprung up for the moment in the way of all these proposals. We say fortunately, because by being temporarily taken into his father's own

office, young Romilly was left with such leisure as enabled him to supply a great existing deficiency, and educate himself. He became an unlimited reader. His father's easy or rather wealthy circumstances gave the youth the power of purchasing books and entering libraries at will, and he used the privilege to the acquisition of extensive general information. Nor was this all. He had formerly begun to learn the Latin language, but he now made himself a good classical scholar, and read all the best works of antiquity. In short, he fairly educated himself, as so many other men of talent have done.

Sir Samuel's picture of his family-circle at this period, consisting of his parents, his brother, his sister, and himself, is a delightful one. Their house, in High Street, Marylebone, was not large, and a casual observer might have imagined their comforts to be few. "But those who had mingled in our family, and had hearts to feel in what real happiness consists, would have formed a very different judgment. They would have found a lively, youthful, and accomplished society, blest with every enjoyment that an endearing home can afford; a society united by a similarity of tastes, dispositions, and affections, as well as by the strongest ties of blood. They would have admired our lively, varied, and innocent pleasures; our summer rides and walks in the cheerful country, which was close to us; our winter evening occupations of drawing, while one of us read aloud some interesting book, or the eldest of my cousins played and sung to us with exquisite taste and expression; the little banquets with which we celebrated the anniversary of my father's wedding, and of the birth of every member of our happy society; and the dances with which, in spite of the smallness of our rooms, we were frequently indulged. I cannot recollect the days, happily I may say the years, which thus passed away, without the most lively emotion. I love to transport myself in idea into our little parlour with its green paper, and the beautiful prints of Vivares, Bartolozzi, and Strangé, from the pictures of Claude, Carracci, Raphael, and Correggio, with which its walls were elegantly adorned; and to call again to mind the familiar and affectionate society of young and old intermixed, which was gathered round the fire; and even the Italian greyhound, the cat, and the spaniel, which lay in perfect harmony basking before it. I delight to see the door open, that I may recognise the friendly countenances of the servants, and, above all, of the old nurse, to whom we were all endeared, because it was while she attended my mother that her health had so much improved."

The autobiographical sketch from which these extracts are taken, brings down the life of Romilly only to his twenty-first year, though not written till after he had arrived at the age of thirty-nine, and had been at the bar for twelve years. One of the most interesting points in these volumes consists in the contrast of feelings and circumstances, which the opening of the second and distinct autobiographical sketch exhibits, as compared with the first. In commencing his first sketch, he says, "I sit down to write my life; the life of one who never achieved any thing memorable, and who will probably leave no posterity." He continues to say, that a subject so uninteresting could never attract any readers but himself: "It is for myself I write, for myself alone." Written in 1813, the second sketch thus opens:—"After an interval of seventeen years, I am about to resume the task of writing my life—a task undertaken in very different circumstances, and with very different views, from those with which I now resume it. When I began to set down the few events of my unimportant history, I was living in great privacy; I was unmarried, and it seemed in a very high degree probable that I should always remain so. My life was wasting away with few very lively enjoyments, and without the prospect that my existence could ever have much influence on the happiness of others; or that I should leave behind me any trace by which, twenty years after I was dead, it could be known that ever I had lived. But since that period, and within the last few years, I have been in situations that were more conspicuous; and though it has never been my good fortune to render any important service, either to my fellow-creatures or to my country, yet, for a short period of time at least, some degree of public attention has been fixed on me. It is, however, with no view to the public that I am induced to preserve any memorial of my life, but wholly from private considerations. It is in my domestic life that the most important changes have taken place. For the last fifteen years, my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection, and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are living; and in all of whom I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their, one day, proving themselves not unworthy of such a mother. Some of them are of so tender an age that I can hardly hope that I shall live till their education is finished, and much less that I shall have the happiness to see them established in life; and of some it is not improbable that I may be taken from them while they are yet of such tender years that, as they advance in life, they may retain but little recollection of their father. To these, and even to my dear wife, if, as I devoutly wish, she should

many years survive me, it may be a source of great satisfaction to turn over these pages; to learn or to recollect what I was, what I have done, with whom I have lived, and to whom I have been known. Such is the information that these pages will afford, and they will, I fear, afford nothing more. Of instruction there is but little that they can supply: what to shun, or what to pursue, is that of which a life, so little chequered with events as mine, can hardly present any very striking lessons. I have been in no trying situations; the force of my character has never been called forth; I have fallen into no very egregious faults, and I have had the good fortune to escape those situations which generally lead to them; but, from the pious affection which may have been instilled into my children's minds, they may set a considerable value, and take a lively interest in facts which, to the rest of mankind, must appear altogether insipid and indifferent. It is, therefore, to enjoy conversation with my children, at a time when I shall be incapable of conversing with any one, and to live with them, as it were, long after I shall have descended into the grave, that I proceed with this narrative of my life. It is surrounded by these children in their happy infant state; cheered with the little sallies of their wit; exhilarated with their spirits; become youthful, as it were, by their youth; and transported at sometimes discovering in them the dawning of their mother's virtues; it is in the repose of a short period of leisure after unusual fatigues in my profession; it is in a fine season, in the midst of a beautiful country, with some of the richest and most luxuriant scenes of nature spread before me; it is in the midst of all these sources of enjoyment and of happiness, that I sit down to this pleasing employment."

Such a passage as this it is impossible to curtail, though, by quoting it, we leave to ourselves but little space for noticing the events of Romilly's public life. After visiting the Continent, he was called to the bar in 1783, and entered on the midland circuit in the following year. In 1784, he also translated a pamphlet of Mirabeau, whose warmest friendship, as well as that of Dumont and other distinguished foreigners, he afterwards enjoyed, as their correspondence with him, in these volumes, sufficiently proves. Lord Lansdowne was one of the first British statesmen whose notice he attracted, and by that nobleman he was early offered a seat in parliament. But this and other similar offers he declined, from a dislike to enter the house but as an independent or popularly elected member. A number of years also elapsed ere he rose at the bar; and here the cause was one not less honourable to him. He never concealed his early formed wishes for the reform both of our civil and criminal laws, and in the eyes of employing attorneys such sentiments were any thing but recommendatory. However, Romilly's abilities ultimately overcame all obstacles. In 1798, being then evidently in the way to abundant wealth, as well as to the highest professional honours, he married Miss Gerbett, of Knill Court, Herefordshire, with whom he had formed acquaintance in a way that he must himself describe to the reader. "Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a land-mark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796, I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and, if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; she overheated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his journey for several days, and in the mean time I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man. A most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection such as are rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage."

In 1806, when the Whig party, to which he had attached himself, came into power, Romilly became Solicitor-General, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood, though greatly against his will; he also now entered parliament for Queensborough. During his short tenure of office, he gave universal satisfaction, and afterwards maintained the esteem of all men, as a representative of the nation, up to the period of his decease. He distinguished himself, above all, as an advocate of humanity in our criminal code, and reformer of our civil laws. For many years, in session after session of parliament, he laboured unweariedly in his liberal and benevolent course, endeavouring to lessen the severity of the laws against felony, forgery, and other branches of crime, then punished capitally in almost every case. But the reigning king was a stern upholder of the existing laws, and all the chief legal dignitaries of the time opposed themselves to Romilly's views. Though

Sir Samuel was destined, through these causes, to attain success only to a very limited extent in his lifetime, his toils were not thrown away. Almost by him alone, was the public mind prepared by slow degrees for the adoption of a more humane penal code, and for the reformation of abuses in the civil laws. Latterly, his sons, animated by similar humane considerations, have been instrumental in carrying into effect several of his proposed meliorations; and others, who admit themselves to be pupils of Romilly, have been successful in effecting similar improvements. In short, if the entire abolition of capital punishments seems now to be a thing nearly attainable, we owe it in a great measure to the twenty years' labours of Sir Samuel Romilly.

In 1818, his beloved wife fell grievously ill, and the brief entries in Sir Samuel's diary of this period show how inseparably his existence was entwined with hers. On the 9th of October she had become slightly better, and the diary then records that the writer "slept for the first time after many sleepless nights." She relapsed, and died on 29th October; and, three days afterwards, his finely-fibred intellect being disarranged by the heavy calamity, Sir Samuel Romilly terminated his own life, leaving a reputation, both as respects public or private character, excelled by that of no man among his contemporaries.

SOME GOSSIP RESPECTING THE CARSE OF GOWRY.

UNPREPARED as our English readers may be for the announcement, there are two or three plains in Scotland. One, and perhaps the principal one, is the Carse of Gowry, a broad stripe of almost perfectly level land, stretching along the north side of the Firth of Tay, and forming part of the county of Perth. It is about fifteen miles in length, and in some places four or five in breadth, the hills of Fife rising on the south beyond the Firth, while, to the north, there is a similar range of moderately high hills, dividing the district from Strathmore and the Stormont, two similarly level tracts of less extent; beyond which, again, to the north, rises the great rampart of the Grampians. At the lower or east end of the Carse of Gowry, is Dundee, from which the smoke of numerous factories is seen perpetually rising. At the upper or west end, about the place where the river ceases to be navigable, and in one of the most beautiful spots in the country, is placed the "fair city" of Perth. The ordinary road between these two towns passes through the whole length of the Carse, with (to all appearance) scarcely a rise or fall of a single foot from end to end.

This fine plain, being composed, as far as the soil is concerned, of a deep clayey alluvium, is, in the proper season, one sea of waving grain of the richest kind, excepting that here and there the eye rests upon a gentleman's mansion, thickly ensconced in wood, or upon a scarcely less comfortable-looking suite of farm-buildings, beside which, perhaps, several stacks of last year's grain may be observed, even while the crop of the present year is yellowing unto the harvest. No stone enclosures harshly break up the wide expanse into formal squares, but at the utmost a low hedge-row divides field from field—the more general demarcation, even where the estates of different proprietors are concerned, being merely a sunk drain. Only in two or three places does the ground rise at all above the general surface; and it is remarkable that most of these places bear names in which the syllable *inch* occurs—as, for example, Inchture, Inch Martin, &c. Inch is Gaelic for island. (Strange to say, it signifies the same thing in some of the aboriginal languages of North America.) It is therefore believed that all these places were at one time in the condition of islands, while the adjacent country was a deep flow or morass, or perhaps covered with the waters of the Tay. That the carse was at one time in the latter state, tradition loudly avers; and such is said to have been the case since the country at large began to be inhabited. Places are even pointed out on the face of hills above the carse, on the north side, where rings used to confine vessels had been found rivetted in the rock. It is certain that this fine region continued to be a mere morass till within a century from the present time. The inhabitants, instead of the race of intelligent and affluent farmers they now are, were then a set of boors, who contended for a wretched maintenance with a soil of wet clay, and were generally known as the *Carles* [that is, churls] *o' the Carse*. A story goes that a certain laird, provoked out of all patience by their rude and intractable nature, declared in his anger that he believed he could make better men out of the clay with his own hands. Not long after, he got bogged in going home, and, after some hours of vain struggling, was fain to ask the help of a carle whom he saw passing. "Ah, yes," said the hob-nail, "I see you are making your men: I'll not disturb you."

We must not be too ready to sneer at such traditions as the above. The modern doctrine of changes of level in the earth's surface gives it considerable credibility. It could have only required an elevation of some ten or twelve feet (such an elevation as often takes place in South America at this day) to convert the Carse of Gowry from the condition of a broad estuary to its

present state. Perhaps the elevation is still gradually, though imperceptibly, advancing, just as it may be a slow and unobserved sinking which is causing the sea to aggress upon the coast in some other districts. This supposition derives some countenance from an old popular saying with regard to two large boulder stones which lie within the water-mark at Invergowry, near the bottom of the Carse, and go by the name of the Gows of Gowry. It is said of these stones, from which the sea is supposed to be gradually receding,

"When the Gows of Gowry come to land,
The day of judgment's near at hand."

The prophecy is laid in the name of Thomas the Rhymer. As such it is, of course, of no value; but, if it be an indication that the stones appear from time to time to be somewhat nearer the land, the couplet is not unworthy of notice. At Invergowry, it may here be remarked, is one of a series of small harbours constructed along the Firth of Tay about sixty years ago, for the shipping of rural produce, and which have been of great service in advancing agriculture in this beautiful region.

Many fine mansions are interspersed throughout the Carse. The traveller, advancing from Dundee, finds the first of any note in Castle Huntly, a stupendous old fortalice which formerly belonged to the Strathmore family, and now to a gentleman named Paterson. The next is Rosbie Priory, the seat of Lord Kinnaird—a modern specimen of the monastic style, at least in externals. Errol, the seat of Mr Allan, and Murie, the seat of Miss Spence Yeaman, are conspicuous near the centre of the district. Farther on, we have Glendoig, the seat of Mr Craigie, some of whose predecessors have been eminent in the law. Megginch (one of the ancient islands of the Carse) is the residence of a family, the ladies of which have been remarkable during several generations for their beauty, and the rank which some of them thereby attained. A certain "bonnie Jeany Drummond" of Megginch, who, according to a song in her praise, "towered aboon them a'," became Duchess of Athole, by which alliance she gave occasion to a former lover, a Dr Austin, to write the well-known complaint, "For lack of gowd she's left me." Seggieden, the residence of a branch of the Hays of Kinnoull, is a little way farther west. In that house is kept an old family-piece in the shape of a drinking cup, which every successive laird was expected to drain at a draught, in order to prove his being worthy of the honours of the family. This is alluded to in an old local proverb, the sense of which, we must own, is somewhat obscure.

"Suck it out, Seggieden,
Though it's thin, it's weel pledged."

But by far the finest house in the whole district is Kinfauns, the seat of Lord Gray, a very ancient Scottish baron, one of whose family is noted in Mary's sad history under the name of the Master of Gray. This superb modern castle is felicitously placed on a terrace about a hundred feet above the level of the Carse, with lofty wooded heights on both sides, and fine cultivated slopes extending behind, while the front commands one of the most beautiful views in the country, composed of the Tay winding gracefully through its rich vale, and the Fife hills rising at no great distance beyond. So elegant a house, so beautifully situated, and adorned with so many objects of taste, it has rarely been our fortune to visit. The principal floor is composed of a magnificent suite of apartments, comprehending, besides a dining-room and two drawing-rooms, a splendid vestibule and gallery, full of statuary, &c., a gorgeous library, a billiard-room, and a room which Lord Gray calls his "workshop," seeing that it contains the tools, machines, and philosophical instruments, with which he amuses his leisure. In all of these rooms there are pictures by the first masters, constituting in themselves an attraction of the highest order. One by Guerino, in the principal drawing-room, "the Denial of Christ by Peter," is certainly one of the most arresting pictures we have ever chanced to behold. Lord Gray has spent a lifetime in collecting the many beautiful works of art of all kinds with which his house is adorned.

The district of Gowry contains several places which no one acquainted with the history of our country can visit without interest. At the back of the range of hills bounding the Carse on the north, is Dunsinnan, so celebrated in the tragic tale of Macbeth. This hill stands detached from the rest, and, rising to a height of seven or eight hundred feet, commands a view of the country around to a considerable distance, including Strathmore, the Stormont, and Blairgowrie. Amongst the hills bounding the distance, the attention of the visitor is always directed to Birnam, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunkeld, and fully fifteen miles distant. Dunsinnan bears on its face and top substantial proofs of Macbeth's history. The remains of a waggon road are observable sloping round the hill from the bottom to the top, being no doubt that by which the usurper caused his thanes to drag the materials for his castle. On the top are the remains of several concentric walls and fosses, and of some large building which they had surrounded, as well as of a well by which it is said the garrison was supplied with water. One is filled with strange feelings in standing amidst these grassy vestiges of what was a castle eight hundred years ago—a castle reared by a tyrant to defend himself from a nation's hatred, and amidst whose ruins he ultimately perished. It is felt, at the same time, how history sinks beneath the tale told, however wildly, by genius; and it is to Shak-

spere, not to Dalrymple, that we revert for the story of the usurper, while endeavouring to realise it on the ground where it is said to have taken place. It is remarkable how correct in general the bard of Avon has contrived to be with respect to the geography of his play; and this has led to a surmise that he may have visited the spot in person, possibly in the capacity of a member of the company of players which Elizabeth is known to have sent to Scotland to regale James VI., and which appears to have acted at the neighbouring city of Perth. It is, however, quite possible that Shakespeare may have attained all this correctness by merely adhering closely to the legend he found in Hollinshed's Chronicles.

Amongst the hills overlooking the Carse are several places noted in the popular accounts of Sir William Wallace. Kilsindy is now a small parish village, but was formerly the site of a castle: it lies at the opening of one of the little glens which pervade this range of hills, about half way up the carse. Henry the Minstrel relates that, when Scotland was subjugated by Edward, the elder Wallace fled with his eldest son to the Lennox, and that then the mother, with her second son, William,

"To Gowry passed, and dwelt in Kilsindy.
The knight, her father, thither he them sent
To his uncle, that with full gude intent
In Gowry dwelt, and had gude living there—
An aged man, the whilek received them fair."

Young Wallace was then placed at school in Dundee, where, however, his indignation at the insolence of the English garrison led to his killing the son of a distinguished officer, and he had then to fly for his life. Escaping from the town, he made for Kilsindy, and on his way is said by tradition to have rested for a little at the village of Forgandenny, where a poor man named Smith and his wife refreshed him with cakes and milk. Little more than forty years ago, the descendants of Smith showed the stone on which the hero had sat by their ancestor's door, and perhaps do so still. While skulking under the protection of his uncle, he is said to have concealed himself occasionally in a cave within the glen of Pitroddie, near Kilsindy. We had lately the curiosity to visit this glen, and to inspect the cave. The glen is wild and lonely, with steep fuzzy slopes, and a little rill trickling at the bottom. In the face of a porphyritic rock overhanging the rivulet, there is a long slit, which was probably at one time masked with brushwood. On entering this opening, we find that from the rock hanging over in a screen-like fashion in front, there is room both to stand and lie in the interior. This, according to tradition, was the lair of the brave youth who was destined thereafter to "rescue Scotland thryse." At the distance of about a couple of miles to the westward, and within a similar opening of the hills, are the remains of the ancient tower of Balthayock, the residence of that family of Blairs, of which Wallace's friend and chaplain, Mr Robert Blair, was a scion. We lately felt no small surprise at learning that this family still exists, and in possession of its original property, though it has removed its residence to a small modern mansion in the neighbourhood. The old tower is now reduced in height, but what remains is of great age and vast strength: a plain dwelling adjoins, on which we found a coat armorial, with the initials A. B., and the date 1578. The poem of Blind Harry, we may only remind our readers, professes to be constructed on the basis of a history of Wallace compiled by Mr Robert Blair. Kinfauns is another place associated with the name of Wallace. The ancient castle, which stood on the site of the present, was the seat of Thomas Longueville, a noted French pirate, whom Wallace overpowered at sea, and converted into an ally, and who seems to have been the ancestor of a family named Charteris, long settled at Kinfauns. There still exists in the modern castle a two-handed sword, which inviolable tradition describes as having formerly belonged to Wallace.

One of the most picturesque of the openings in the Gowry hills is occupied by the old mansion of Fingask, the seat of Sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., from whose terraces, in our opinion, the views are even finer than from those of Kinfauns, the space commanded being much greater and equally beautiful, while the opposite hills, being more remote, give all their peculiar effect without any detraction on the score of tameness or deficiency of wood. Fingask was remarkable in the last century for the Jacobitism of its proprietors. Sir David Threipland was in the insurrection of 1715, and his lady entertained at this house the unfortunate prince for whose sake the party had taken up arms, while on his progress from Peterhead to Perth. The estate was consequently forfeited, and the family dispossessed of their ancient seat. A striking anecdote is related of the lady of the mansion on that occasion. Amidst the ruin of her husband's affairs, and while he was endeavouring to escape from the country, she gave birth to a son. A few frightened friends had gathered round her at that distressing moment, and amongst the rest a clergyman of the persecuted Episcopal Church of Scotland from Perth. It was desirable to use the services of this gentleman while he remained in the house; but the friends knew not how to proceed, having no instructions from the father, and being fearful of agitating the mind of the mother with questions. The lady, hearing their whispers in her chamber, and comprehending that they wished to know what name should be bestowed on the child, said hastily, from her bed, "Stuart, to be sure." And the infant

was christened by that name accordingly, at the very moment when, for its sake, the parents were ruined. This child lived to fight in the insurrection of 1745-6, after which he skulked a long time in the Highlands in company with Young Lochiel. Escaping all these perils, he lived to purchase back the family property by means of his wife's fortune; and the government, in 1824, restored the title to his son. In the house are still shown some remains of the bed occupied by the old chevalier, and also the camp bed which Prince Charles carried about with him in his more romantic campaign, besides a great quantity of medals and other interesting memorials of the expatriated family of Stuart.

The people amongst the hills are a more primitive people than those of the Carse, and retain many old-world stories which, in another situation, must have long ago been obliterated. There is a lonely ruined tower in this mountain district, called Evelick Castle, till a recent period the seat of a branch of the family of Lindsay. One of the last Lindsays of Evelick married a sister of the famous Earl of Mansfield; and one of the children of that pair married Allan Ramsay, the celebrated portrait-painter. The place is now desolate, and the property has been divided amongst heirs-female. With a wild and tragic tale respecting Evelick, we shall conclude this long chapter of chit-chat. Some ages ago, the laird of Evelick, being a widower with one son, married a widow who also had a son about the same age. The young people grew up together; but the lady's child soon saw that he was a very different person in the eyes of the world from his step-brother. Envy and deadly malice then took possession of him, and he one day beguiled the other youth into the neighbouring glen of Pitroddie, the same lonely dell where Wallace had found refuge from the English. Having there induced his brother to lie down upon the ground, as for the purpose of measuring their comparative lengths, he cut the throat of the unsuspecting youth, and then, in an agony of fear and remorse, rushed home to the castle of Evelick, where he shut himself up in his own room. The story goes on to relate, that his mother and step-father saw him no more, and that he continued in his room, fed by his nurse through a small window, until he was taken to Edinburgh by the officers of justice, and there tried and condemned to death. His original doom was to be hanged; but his mother gave a sum of money to obtain for him the less ignominious death of decapitation, and he thus perished accordingly.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

WITCHCRAFT was first denounced in England, by formal and explicit statutes, in the year 1541, in the reign of Henry VIII. Previously to that time, many witch-trials had taken place, and severe punishments had even been inflicted on the parties concerned; but this was occasioned by the direction of the arts of sorcery, in these particular instances, against the lives and well-being of others, and not from the legal criminality of such arts themselves. Shakespeare has made some early cases of this nature familiar to us, and in particular that of the Duchess of Gloucester, who, for conspiring with witches against the life of the reigning sovereign, Henry VI., was compelled to do public penance, and imprisoned for life. But, as has been said, the mode of prosecuting the guilty purpose was here altogether a subsidiary matter. If a person waved his hat three times in the air, and three times cried "Buz!" under the impression that by that formula the life of another might be taken away, the old law and law-makers (as, for example, Selden, who states this very case), considered the formulist worthy of death as a murderer in intent; and, upon this principle, the trafficking with witches was punished in early times.

Witchcraft, however, by and bye assumed greater statutory importance, in England as elsewhere. Henry VIII's two acts were levelled against conjuration, witchcraft, false prophecies, and pulling down of crosses. Here the charge was still something beyond mere sorcery, and it was left for Elizabeth, in 1562, to direct a statute exclusively against that imaginary crime. At the same time, that princess extenuated her conduct in part, by limiting the penalty of the crime, when stripped of its customary accessories, to the pillory. The first transgression, at least, received no heavier punishment. The cases of Elizabeth's reign were chiefly cases of pretended possession, sometimes, however, involving capital charges against those said to have caused the possession. In one famous case, of which the main features were as ludicrous as the issue was deplorable, three poor persons, an old man named Samuel, with his wife and daughter, were tried at Huntingdon, for having bewitched the children of a Mr Throgmorton. Joan Throgmorton, a girl of fifteen, and the eldest of the children, was the main witness for the prosecution. She related many scenes, in which the actors were herself and a number of spirits sent by Dame Samuel to torment her, and to throw her into fits. These spirits, she said, were on familiar terms with her, and were named Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks who were cousins. Among other things, she said that one of the Smacks professed himself an admirer of hers, and beat the rest for her sake, as in the following instance related by her. One day Smack appeared before her.

"Whence come you, Mr Smack?" she said to him. "From fighting Pluck and the rest, with cowl-staves, in Dame Samuel's back-yard," replied Smack; and soon thereafter, accordingly, Pluck and Blue walked in, the one with his head broken, and the other limping. "How do you manage to beat them," said the young lady to the victorious Smack; "you are little, and they are big." "Oh," says Smack, "I can take up any two of them, and my cousins beat the rest." Of such stuff were these charges made. It would appear that they were either the offspring of insanity on the part of the youthful Throgmortons, or that, having begun the farce in sport or spite, the accusers found at length that they could not retreat without a disgraceful confession of imposture. In part, the conduct of the poor Samuels was affecting, and even high-minded. After lengthened worrying, the accusers got Dame Samuel indirectly to confess her guilt, by making her repeat a prescribed charm, which had the effect of at once bringing the children out of their fits. But the old man and the daughter steadily maintained their innocence. The unfortunate family were condemned on the 4th April 1593, and soon after executed.

When James I. ascended the English throne, he unfortunately conceived it to be his duty immediately to illuminate the southern on the subject of witchcraft. An act of the first year of his reign defines the crime with a degree of minuteness worthy of the adept from whose pen it undoubtedly proceeded. "Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for ANY purpose; or take up any dead man, &c. &c. &c.; such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." We have here witchcraft first distinctly made, of itself, a capital crime. Many years had not passed away after the passing of this statute, ere the delusion, which had heretofore committed but occasional and local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of England. Leaving out of sight single executions, we find such wholesale murders as the following in abundance on the record. In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the "Lancashire witches;" in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number, at the same time, in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The poor creatures, who usually composed these ill-fated bands, are thus described by an able observer:—"An old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work"—such were the poor unfortunates, selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe that no one would have dreamed of inflicting them on the vilest of murderers. They were administered by a class of wretches, who, with one Matthew Hopkins at their head, sprung up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and took the professional name of *witch-finders*. The practices of the monster Hopkins, who, with his assistants, moved from place to place in the regular and authorised pursuit of his trade, will give a full idea of the tests referred to, as well as of the horrible fruits of the witchcraft-frenzy in general. From each town which he visited, Hopkins exacted the stated fee of twenty shillings, and, in consideration thereof, he cleared the locality of all suspected persons, bringing them to confession and the stake in the following manner:—He stripped them naked, shaved them, and thrust pins into their bodies to discover the witch's mark; he wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared—but if they floated (as they usually would do for a time), they were then set down as guilty, and doomed; he kept them fasting and awake, and sometimes incessantly walking, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as an inducement to confession; and, in short, practised on the accused such abominable cruelties, that they were glad to escape from life by confession. If a witch could not shed tears at command (said the further items of this wretch's creed), or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's prayer, she was in league with the evil one. The results of these and such-like tests were actually and universally admitted as evidence by the administrators of the law, who, acting upon them, condemned all such as had the amazing constancy to hold out against the tortures inflicted. Few gave the courts that trouble. Butler has described Hopkins in his Hudibras, as one

Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out
And has he not within this year
Hanged three score of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd;
And some for sitting above ground.

After he had murdered hundreds, and pursued his

trade for many years (from 1644 downwards), the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected, by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favourite test of swimming. It is said that he escaped with life, but, from that time forth, he was never heard of again.

The era of the Long Parliament was that, perhaps, which witnessed the greatest number of executions for witchcraft. *Three thousand persons* are said to have perished during the continuance of the sittings of that body, by legal executions, independently of summary deaths at the hands of the mob. Witch-executions, however, were continued with nearly equal frequency long afterwards. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at Saint Edmundsbury, for bewitching children, and other similar offences. Some of the items of the charge may be mentioned. Being capriciously refused some herrings, which they desired to purchase, the two old women expressed themselves in impatient language, and a child of the herring-dealer soon afterwards fell ill—in consequence. A carter drove his waggon against the cottage of Amy Dunny, and drew from her some not unnatural objurgations; immediately after which, the vehicle of the man stuck fast in a gate, without its wheels being impeded by either of the *poets*, and the unfortunate Amy was credited with the accident. Such accusations formed the burden of the ditty, in addition to the bewitching of the children. These young accusers were produced in court, and, on being touched by the old women, fell into fits. But, on their eyes being covered, they were thrown into the same convulsions by other parties, precisely in the same way. In the face of this palpable proof of imposture, and despite the general absurdity of the charges, Sir Matthew Hale committed Amy Dunny and Rose Callender to the tender mercies of the hangman. It is stated that the opinion of the learned Sir Thomas Browne, who was accidentally present, had great weight against the prisoners. He declared his belief that the children were truly bewitched, and supported the possibility of such possessions by long and learned arguments, theological and metaphysical. Yet Sir Matthew Hale was one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne had written an able work in exposition of Popular Fallacies!

This case occurred in 1664. For some subsequent years trials and executions were yet far from unusual. Chief-justices North and Holt, to their lasting credit, were the first individuals occupying the high places of the law, who had at once the good sense and the courage to set their faces against the continuance of this destructive delusion. In one case, by detecting a piece of gross imposture, Chief-justice North threw into disrepute, once and for all, the trick of *pin-swearing*, one of the most striking and convincing practices of the possessed. A male sorcerer stood at the bar, and his supposed victim was in court, vomiting pins in profusion. These pins were straight, a circumstance which made the greater impression, as those commonly jected in such cases were bent, engendering frequently the suspicion of their having been previously and purposely placed in the mouth. The chief-justice was led to suspect something in this case by certain movements of the bewitched woman, and, by closely cross-questioning one of her own witnesses, he brought it fully out that the woman placed pins in her stomach, and, by a dexterous dropping of her head in her simulated fits, picked up the articles for each successive ejection. The man was found guiltless. The acquittal called forth such pointed benedictions on the judge from a very old woman present, that he was induced to ask the cause. "Oh, my lord," said she, "twenty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch if they could, and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son."

The detected imposture in this case saved the accused. It was under Holt's justiceship, however, that the first acquittal is supposed to have taken place, in *despite* of all evidence, and upon the fair ground of the general absurdity of such a charge. In the case of Mother Munnings, tried in 1694, the unfortunate pannel would assuredly have perished, had not Chief-justice Holt summed up in a tone so decidedly adverse to the prosecution, that the verdict of Not Guilty was called forth from the jury. In about ten other trials before Holt, between the years 1694 and 1701, the result was the same, through the same influences. It must be remembered, however, that these were merely noted cases, in which the parties withstood all preliminary inducements to confession, and came to the bar with the plea of not guilty. About the same period, that is, during the latter years of the seventeenth century, summary executions were still common, in consequence of confessions extracted after the Hopkins fashion, yet too much in favour with the lower classes. The acquittals mentioned only prove that the regular ministers of the law were growing too enlightened to countenance such barbarities. Cases of possession, too, were latterly overlooked by the law, which would have brought the parties concerned to a speedy end in earlier days, even though they had done no injury to other people, and were simply unfortunate enough to have made compacts with the demon for the attainment of some purely personal advantages. For example, in 1689, there occurred the famous case of a youth, named Richard Dugdale, who sacrificed

himself to the devil, on condition of being made the *best dancer* in Lancashire. The dissenting clergy took this youth under their charge, and a committee of them fasted and prayed, publicly and almost incessantly, for a whole year, in order to expel the dancing demon. The idea of this impostor leaping for a twelvemonth, and playing fantastic tricks before these grave divines, is extremely ludicrous. But the divines played tricks not less fantastic. They became so contemptuously intimate with the demon, as to mock him on account of salutory deficiencies. A portion of their addresses to him on this score has been preserved, but of too ridiculous a nature for quotation in these pages. If any thing else than a mere impostor, it is probable that Dugdale was affected with St Vitus' Dance; and this is the more likely, as a regular physician brought his dancing to a close after all. But the divines took care to claim the merit of the cure.

After the time of Holt, the ministers of the law went a step farther in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory verdicts. In 1711, Chief-justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge, who had sneered openly at the whole proceedings, asked the jury if they found the woman "guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" The reply was, "We do find her guilty of that;" but the question of the judge produced its intended effect in casting ridicule on the whole charge, and the woman was pardoned. An able writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review remarks, after noticing this case, "yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine*, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes." And a long catalogue, and a black catalogue it was. "Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England, on this charge, at THIRTY THOUSAND!"

We have now glanced at the chief features in the history of witchcraft in England, from the enactment of the penal statutes against it. These statutes were not finally abolished till the middle of the eighteenth century, and unhappy consequences followed, in various instances, from their being left un repealed. Though among the enlightened classes the belief in witchcraft no longer existed, the populace, in town and country, still held by the superstitions of their forefathers, and, having the countenance of the statute-book, persecuted the unfortunate beings whose position and circumstances laid them open to the suspicion of sorcery. The ban of public opinion told severely enough upon the comforts of such poor creatures, but the rabble occasionally carried their cruel and ignorant oppressions to a greater length. On the 30th of July 1751, an aged pauper named Osborne, and his wife, were seized by a mob in Staffordshire, dragged through pools, and otherwise so vilely misused, that the woman died under the hands of her assailants. The attention of the law, and the indignation of the humane, were aroused. One man, who had taken a prominent share in the brutal outrage, was condemned on trial, and executed. Immediately afterwards, the penal statutes against witchcraft were abrogated by the legislature, and the remembrance of them only remains, as a wonder and warning to the posterity of those who practised and suffered from them, as well as to mankind at large.

It must not be imagined, we may observe in conclusion, that the present generation has no need of such a warning, or is relieved by its increased enlightenment from all chance of falling into similar errors. The nineteenth century has witnessed such impostors as Johanna Southcote, Matthews, and Thom, and has seen a degree of enthusiastic and unhesitating credence given to their pretensions by many persons moving in a most respectable rank in society, which shows that the credulous spirit that created and supported witchcraft is not by any means extinguished. It is indeed a spirit only to be fully eradicated by such a universality of education and intelligence as can scarcely be expected to exist, excepting after the lapse of long-coming centuries of improvement. The subject which has been treated of here, has therefore a moral. In brief words, the world may learn from it the peril of encouraging the idea of the possibility of direct spiritual influences and communications in these latter days—a thing discountenanced alike by the lights of reason and scripture.

INTEMPERANCE.

We extract the following observations on a cause of intemperance, from a late number of the *Athenæum*:—"The mode in which Sunday is spent by the lower classes, appears to be a very prominent, though unsuspected, source of juvenile delinquency. Some persons believe it to be their duty to legislate for the world as it ought to be, and, in the meantime, they do infinite mischief to the world as it is. Rarely has the operative an opportunity of seeing a green field, of admiring the works of creation, or even of breathing the pure air of heaven: yet, as is justly observed by the pious author of 'The Simianmities'—'Can we view nature in any other light than that of a book of instruction presented to the sons of men, that they may learn the character of God from all its pages, and read how the earth is filled with the goodness of the Lord; that the cattle upon a thousand hills, the calm pursuits of pastoral life, and the

scenes of rural peace and innocence, may serve as counteractions to the solicitations of vice, to the blandishments of sensual pleasure, and all the snares which an impure and sinful world would have laid for our souls? Owing to the exertions of the Society for the Protection of Footpaths, the vicinity of Manchester affords the operatives means for enjoying delightful country walks, of which they avail themselves in great numbers. Liverpool wants these advantages, and its corporation offered an annual sum to the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens, on the condition of having the grounds thrown open to the public on Sunday; but, unfortunately, through the influence of some leading members, the proposition was rejected. Whether common sense may triumph on some future occasion, we cannot, of course, conjecture; but assuredly there is not a day in the week when the lower ranks of Liverpool are subjected to such corrupting influences as on the Sunday. The cause is obvious: the poor man has no home in which he can enjoy his day of rest, and abroad he has only to choose between a place of worship and the alehouse. It is very desirable that all classes should attend their religious duties; but the fact is that they do not, and that any attempt to compel them aggravates the evil. Keeping every park, garden, and place of recreation shut, will not add a single individual to the congregations in places of worship, but it fearfully augments the crowds collected on such spots as the progress of buildings and of enclosures has yet left open: circumstances coerce the poor to join these crowds, and vice is the inevitable consequence. 'What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit, on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?' But the cellars, the lodging-houses, the dens of vice, and the filthy haunts to which the poor are perverted confined on the Sabbath day, are infinitely worse than any pit into which a favourite animal could fall. Justly, then, may the indignant question be asked—'How much is a man better than a sheep?'"

As far as our own experience is concerned, we should say that the efforts made to prevent appearance out-of-doors on Sunday, causes much in-door drinking in the large towns in Scotland. In passing through by-streets on Sunday, to or from church, we frequently observe the strongest indications of intemperance within doors.

UGOLINO OF PISA.

THE name and story of Count Ugolino of Pisa have been made famous by the Italian poet Dante, and Chaucer has also given poetic immortality to the same melancholy tale. Count Ugolino de Gherardeschi was one of the victims of the civil broils which agitated Italy in the middle ages, and are known in history by the title of the Wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. These names were of Germanic origin, being the family designations of two powerful and princely houses of that country, one of which has had the honour, in modern times, of supplying a line of sovereigns to Great Britain. It was more, however, on account of the importance of the causes of which these names became the watchwords, than through the intrinsic consequence of the families which then bore them, that the terms Guelph and Ghibelline attained to such celebrity in the annals of Europe. The pope and the Franconian emperors, the successors of Charlemagne, began to struggle for ascendancy in Germany and Italy about the twelfth century, and it chanced that the Guelphs took the side of the church, while the Ghibellines adopted the imperial cause. At a great battle fought in 1140, these two names formed the war-cries of the contending parties, and the use of them, from that time, became permanent, as has often been the case with titles or epithets originating in a similar incidental manner. When the great cities of Italy, such as Venice, Genoa, Milan, and Pisa, sprung up into wealth and influence, their citizens were for centuries divided between the church and imperial parties, and in the factious wars and disturbances that arose in consequence, Guelph and Ghibelline constituted the watchwords of the combatants in the field and in the senate. Though the cities in question had freed themselves from the political dominion both of emperor and pope, yet the countenance of either of these potentates was influential enough to affect the balance of power among the petty native princes and nobles, who struggled with one another for authority in the numerous republics of Italy.

In the second last decade of the thirteenth century, Pisa, then the third maritime power in Italy, was violently agitated by the contests of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions for political superiority. The neighbouring towns of Florence and Lucca, with other cities of Tuscany, were under the Guelph domination, and formed a league against Pisa. At this juncture, Ugolino, a nobleman well advanced in life, and Count of the Gherardeschi, a mountainous country between Leghorn and Piombino, used his great power among his fellow-citizens of Pisa to advance himself to the supreme authority. The count was of a Ghibelline family, but he had united his sister to a Guelph house, and his nephew, Nino di Gallura, was then chief of that party in Pisa. Thus divided, as regarded family ties, between the two factions, Ugolino appears to have played off the one against the other to raise himself, till, finally, he joined his power to that of Ruggieri or Roger degli Ubaldini, archbishop of the city, and a great Ghibelline chief, in order to expel Nino di Gallura and all his followers from within the walls. As it would have been a disgraceful act to join openly

in the overthrow of his sister's son, Ugolino retired for a time to his country seat, but, as soon as he heard of the expulsion of Nino and the Guelphs, he returned to the city, and was received with great rejoicing.

At the same time, the Pisans were in great alarm for the consequences of the Tuscan league against them, although, being chiefly attached to the Ghibelline cause, they delighted in the banishment of Nino. In this extremity, they felt the necessity of a powerful and skilful head, or dictator, and pitched upon Ugolino as the person most able to reconcile them with the Tuscan league, or to command them in the field, should necessity call them there. They therefore named the count captain-general, the office to be held for ten years. Ugolino contrived to obtain peace with the enemy, but not till he had caused all the fortresses of the Pisan territory to be opened by his creatures to the Luccese and Florentines. That this was a condition in his treaty, he dared not openly avow. "From that time (says the historian Sismondi) he sought only to strengthen his own despotism, by depriving the magistrates of power, and by intimidating the archbishop Roger degli Ubaldini, who held jointly with him the highest rank in the city. The nephew of Ubaldini, having opposed him with some haughtiness, was killed by him on the spot with his own hand." His violence soon rendered him obnoxious to the partisans on both sides, but his bravery and ability bore him through for a time. It was in 1282 that the Guelphs had been exiled; and six years afterwards, Ugolino, finding himself endangered by the growing hatred of the Ghibelline chiefs, resolved upon the recall of the Guelphs. He gave his son secret charges respecting their introduction into the city; but his project was discovered, and the Ghibellines, secure of the partialities of the citizens, called them hastily to arms. The Pisans rose at the summons, and proceeded to the seigniorial palace to seize Ugolino. It is at this point that the history of the count assumes a character which calls forth the deepest sympathies of the reader.

Ugolino, with his sons, grandsons, and adherents, barred the gates of the palace against the besiegers on the 1st of July 1288. For some time all the force of the city contended with him in vain; he defended himself like an old lion brought to bay. At length, finding themselves unable to vanquish the obstinate resistance opposed to them, the citizens set fire to the palace, and entered amid the flames. Ugolino, two of his sons, and two of his grandsons, were dragged forth by the exasperated Ghibellines, and thrown into the tower of the Sette Vie, on the Piazza of the Anziani, where they were confined in one apartment. The key was given over to the custody of the Archbishop Ubaldini, "from whom (says Sismondi) was expected the vigilance of an enemy, but the charity of a priest." What the prelate's sense of charity was, became soon apparent. For some weeks, Ubaldini allowed his wretched prisoners a pittance of food, but at length the priest cruelly threw the key of the dungeon into the Arno, and consigned his victims to a slow and most horrible death. From that hour no human eye saw them, at least in life. The details of Ugolino's miserable end, with that of his sons and his little grandsons, have been so finely imagined by Dante, that it would be unpardonable to fashion forth the conjectural horrors of that extremity in other words than his. The spirit or shade of Ugolino himself, under circumstances to which we shall presently allude, is made the narrator of the story; and as the captives could be heard in their dungeon, though not seen, the poet may have had some slight facts to aid his fancy in his delineation. "Know, I was on earth Count Ugolino," says the spirit of the Pisan noble; and then, after mentioning his confinement, as well as the terrible dreams that indicated both to himself and his children their coming fate, he says,

"When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold.
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near,
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard at its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not; so all stone I felt within.
They wept; and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day,
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou would'st eat of us: thou gav'st
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We were all silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'st not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the four
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth;
Whence I besook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got
The mastery of grief."

Thus closes Ugolino's story. Whether the last

words simply mean that death came to cure the mortal agony, or whether the poet intends to give a dreadful hint that fasting drove the count to a banquet which nature revolts at, and which seemingly will not sustain life, it would be difficult to say. "Three days I called aloud," says the count. This would appear to be founded in truth, for the historian Villani tells us, that Ugolino was heard to utter "loud cries" for a priest, but none was allowed to approach the place. The same writer thus describes the veritable end of all. "In a few days, they died of hunger. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the TOWER OF FAMINE, and so shall ever be."

If human imagination can conceive any thing more terrible than the real end of Ugolino and his children, it is the punishment which Dante has assigned in the after-world to the main agent in the earthly tragedy, Roger degli Ubaldini, the Pisan prelate. Many readers will be aware that Dante, in his Divine Comedy (a word not bearing the sense now commonly given to it), has fancied himself conducted through the infernal regions by a guide, who points out to him a great number of the most noted evil-doers of preceding times, undergoing fitting and varied punishments for their crimes. In one region, he saw many doomed beings suffering their award in prisons of ice, enclosing, in whole or part, their bodies. At one spot, he says,

"I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread
Is ravned up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.
'Oh, thou! who show'st such beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear,' said I,
'The cause.' * * * *
His jaws uplifting from their fell repeat,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
'Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrows past cure. * * * Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the archbishop he
Ruggieri."

The count then proceeds to tell the story of his fate, as the reader has had it already laid before him.

From what has been detailed, few will wonder that the story of Ugolino should have attracted the notice and employed the powers of painters as well as poets. In one famous performance, Sir Joshua Reynolds has taken up the story of Ugolino in the dungeon, at the moment when the count is sitting, stupified into stone, and "little Anselm" clasps his arm, exclaiming, "Father! what aileth thee?" while the other three are grouped around, one fainting in the arms of another. In another picture, Fuseli has taken up the tale at a moment somewhat later, when one son (Gaddo) has flung himself in a perishing state across his father's feet, and the others are drooping around. Ugolino is, of course, the prominent figure in both paintings. The count of Fuseli is more expressive, and has an aspect more befitting the horrors of his condition, than that of Sir Joshua, whose Ugolino, as an able critic has said, with some show, at least, of truth, is too like a "famished mendicant, deficient in any commanding qualities of intellect, and regardless of his dying children who cluster around his knees." Having only small engravings of these pieces before us, it would be presumptuous here to expatiate on their merits or defects. Both have been allowed to be great works, and, on the whole, worthy of the extraordinary and fearful story which they were intended to illustrate.

HEIR-LOOMS.

The term heir-looms has occasioned much dispute, but the rule which is recognised appears to be this: no chattels personal are capable of being entailed; but the law recognises a power of descent in such things as appear to be necessary to support the dignity, uphold the splendour, or continue the importance, of an estate or inheritance. The word loom is a Saxon word, signifying a limb or member; and thus heir-looms are limbs or members of the inheritance, and which generally cannot be separated from it without detracting from its value. Thus the ancient jewels of the crown are held to be heir-looms, because the loss of them would materially detract from the grandeur of the inheritance and the dignity of the sovereign for the time being. Deer in a park, fish in a pond, charters, deeds, court-rolls, and other documents necessary to verify titles of estates, together with the chests in which they are kept, become heir-looms, and pass with the land. Plate and other valuables, presented to a peer for public services, have been held to be heir-looms, as being necessary to the dignity of the several inheritors of the honours of him by whom they were received. Such, also, is the case with things which cannot be separated from the inheritance to which they belong: as chimney-pieces, pumps, ancient fastened tables and benches, and whatever might be considered as rational appendages to the freehold. Thus tombstones, monuments, and coat armour hung in a church, come under the same designation, together with any ensigns of honour that may hang with them. For though the church be the parson's freehold, and these are annexed to the freehold, yet they were placed there by consent, for the advantage and honour of the ancestor and family of the parson, and exist therefore for his benefit. So that the parson, though he is not liable for any damage that may be done to them, which has not occurred through his special act, or those of his agents, yet he cannot take them away, without being subject to an action from the heir for trespass.—*Tyass's Legal Hand-Book: Personal Property.*

A FEW PLAIN OBSERVATIONS ON
POLITENESS.

A REFINED species of civility is sometimes expressed by the term *politeness*, which is an exterior indication of good breeding or good manners, and may be defined as that mode of behaviour which not only gives no offence, but which affords agreeable sensations to our fellow-creatures. In our intercourse with the world, this species of civility is imperative. We possess no right to give offence, by language or actions, to others; and we are bound to conduct ourselves agreeably to the reasonable and set rules of society. Some severe writers on morals have confounded *politeness* with *insincerity*. They seem to imagine that the act of speaking gracefully to another, is necessarily mere grimace, or an empty flourish signifying nothing. In many instances, with insincere people, this may be the case, but it is not so with those of well-regulated minds. It is always better to speak politely, than is, with extreme propriety and delicacy, than bluntly, coarsely, or impertinently. We say, cultivate politeness of manner by all means, for it is *refined civility*, and will spare both ourselves and others much unnecessary pain.

Civilised society has in the course of time instituted certain rules in the code of politeness, which, though of little actual value, it is every one's duty to learn, because, by knowing and acting upon them, we can make life glide on much more smoothly and pleasantly than if we remained in ignorance of them. These rules are sometimes called the rules of *etiquette*. We shall here mention a few of the more important of these social regulations:—

1. *Honour to the female sex.*—Women are physically weaker than men. They are unable to defend themselves from insult or injury, and it would be considered indelicate for them to do so, even if they possessed the power. For these and other reasons, it is only simple politeness and a sign of good sense to render any little service to women, to assist them when they appear in any difficulty, to speak respectfully of them and to them, and to give them honour whenever it can be reasonably required. It will be observed, therefore, in what is called good society, that women are treated with exceeding delicacy and deference: they are offered the best seat, or the only seat if there be no other; allowed to walk next the wall, or at the farthest point from danger, in the street; never rudely jostled against in a crowded thoroughfare; and are always parted from with a respectful bow. All this is considered essential in good manners, and attention to it will not in the smallest degree degrade any man in the opinion of the world. At the same time, as respects the women who receive these attentions, it is expected that they will not "give themselves foolish airs," or presume on the forbearance and kindness of the stronger sex. In fact, no female will do so who is acquainted with good manners, or wishes to avoid being despised.

2. *General courtesy and respect.*—It is incumbent on every one to be courteous or respectful in his intercourse with neighbours, acquaintances, or with the public generally. To inferiors, speak kindly and considerately, so as to relieve them from any feeling of being beneath you in circumstances; to equals, be plain and unaffected in manner; and to superiors, show becoming respect, without, however, descending to subserviency or meanness. In short, act a manly, courteous, and inoffensive part, in all the situations in life in which you may be placed. Society, for good and sufficient reasons, which it is needless here to explain, has ordained certain modes of address, and certain exterior signs of respectfulness, which it behoves us to support and personally attend to. In eastern countries, as of old, it is the custom to uncover the feet and to sit down, in token of respect, on going into the presence of kings, or on entering any religious edifice or private dwelling. In our country, the custom is entirely the reverse. It is an established mark of respect to uncover the head and to stand, in the situations which we have mentioned, and to this point of etiquette we are bound to adhere. We must not, from any crotchets of our own, violate the rules or customs which society sanctions and enjoins, as long as these rules and customs are not opposed to reason and sound morals, and only refer to such trivial arrangements as taking off our hat, making a bow, shaking hands, or other matters equally unworthy of deliberate consideration. None but persons of a silly, eccentric turn of mind, think of disputing about these trifles. On the same principle, give every one the title, which, by law or courtesy, he usually receives.

3. *Personal behaviour.*—A well-bred man is always known by the perfect ease and tranquillity of his manner. These are points to be carefully cultivated. Acquire, if possible, an easy confidence in speaking, so as never to appear abashed or confused, taking care, however, not to fall into the opposite error of forwardness or presumption. Persons moving in the highest circles of society never allow themselves to appear disturbed or vexed, whatever occurs to annoy them. Perhaps there may be an affectation of indifference in this; still their conduct is worth admiring, for every thing like fidgetiness or boisterousness of manner is disagreeable to all who witness it.

Carefully avoid the following things in personal behaviour:—Loose and harsh speaking; making noises in eating or drinking; leaning awkwardly when sitting; rattling with knives and forks at table; starting up

suddenly, and going unceremoniously out of the room; tossing any thing from you with affected contempt or indifference; taking any thing without thanking the giver; standing in the way when there is scarcely room to pass; going before any one who is looking at a picture or any other object; pushing against any one without begging pardon for the unintentional rudeness; taking possession of a seat in a coach, theatre, or place of public meeting, which you are informed belongs to another; intruding your opinions where they are not wanted, or where they would give offence; leaving acquaintances in the street, or a private company, without bidding them good-bye, or at least making a bow to express a kindly farewell; slapping any one familiarly on the shoulder or arm; interrupting any one who is conversing with you; telling long and tiresome stories; whispering in company; making remarks on the dress of those about you, or upon things in the room; flatly contradicting any one, instead of saying, "I rather think it is otherwise," "I am afraid you are mistaken," &c.; using slang expressions, or words of a foreign language; acquiring a habit of saying, "says she," "says he," "you know," "you understand," &c.; helping yourself at meals without first asking if you may not assist others to something which they would like; picking your teeth with your fork, or with your finger; scratching or touching your head; paring or cleaning your nails before company; mentioning the price of any article of food or drink which you are offering to guests; asking questions or alluding to subjects which may give pain to those you address; neglecting to answer letters. It would be easy to enumerate many other things which should be avoided as savouring of bad manners, but these will be sufficient to indicate the principle of politeness, and if that be understood, there can be no difficulty in knowing how to act with delicacy and discretion in all the concerns of life.

4. *Gentility and vulgarity.*—By attention to the rules of good breeding, such as we have just alluded to, the poorest man will be entitled to the character of a gentleman, and by inattention to them the most wealthy individual will be essentially vulgar. Vulgarity signifies coarseness or indelicacy of manner, and is not necessarily associated with poverty or lowliness of condition. Thus, an operative artisan may be a gentleman, and worthy of our particular esteem; while an opulent merchant may be only a vulgar clown, with whom it is impossible to be on terms of friendly intercourse. Vulgarity of manner is often exhibited, in its most offensive form, by persons originally of humble birth and breeding, who have risen to wealth by the force of fortuitous circumstances. It is not uncommon to hear persons of this class, particularly ladies, speaking of "my coach," "my house," "my governess," "my family," "my servants," "my furniture," and so forth; all which is *pure vulgarity*, and indicates a low tone of breeding, and weak understanding on the part of the speaker. A man or woman of refined taste never alludes to matters of dress, domestic convenience, or things strictly personal, and rather endeavours to direct conversation into those channels in which all may harmoniously join.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF BLACK PAINT.

The following is abridged from a paper on this subject by Mr L. Thompson, published in the Transactions of the Society of Arts. "There is nothing," he observes, "which will prove the injurious effects of black paint, more than by observing the black streaks of a ship after having been in a tropical climate for any length of time. It will be found that the wood round the fastenings is in a state of decay, while the white work is as sound as ever: the planks that are painted black will be found split in all directions, while the frequent necessity of caulking a ship in that situation, likewise adds to the common destruction; and I am fully persuaded, that a piece of wood painted white will be preserved from perishing as long again, if exposed to the weather, as a similar piece painted black, especially in a tropical climate. I have heard many men of considerable experience say, that black is good for nothing on wood, as it possesses no body to exclude the weather. This is, indeed, partly the case; but a far greater evil than this attends the use of black paint, which ought entirely to exclude its use on any work out of doors, namely, its property of absorbing heat."

Wood having a black surface, will imbibe considerably more heat in the same temperature of climate, than if that surface was white: from which circumstance we may easily conclude, that the pores of wood of any nature will have a tendency to expand, and rend in all directions, when exposed under such circumstances. The water, of course, being admitted, causes a gradual and progressive decay, which must be imperceptibly increasing from every change of weather. Two circumstances, which have fallen under my own immediate notice, deserve mention. The first was the state of H.M. Sloop Ringdove, condemned by survey at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1828. This brig has been on the West India station for many years. On her being found defective, and a survey called, the report was to the effect that the wood round all the fastenings was totally decayed in the wake of the black, while that in the wake of the white was as sound as ever. The next instance relates to H.M. Ship Excellent, of ninety-eight guns (formerly the Boyne). The ship is moored east and west, by bow and stern moorings; consequently, the starboard side is always exposed to the effects of the sun, both in summer and winter. In this situation her sides were painted in the usual manner of a ship of war; namely, black and white, of which by far the greater part is black; this latter portion on the starboard side I found it impossible to

keep tight; for as often as one leak was apparently stopped, another broke out, and thus baffled the skill of all interested. In the meantime, the side not exposed to the rays of the sun remained perfectly sound. I then suggested to Mr Kennaway (the master caulker of her majesty's dockyard at Portsmouth), who had previously given the subject consideration, the advantage likely to be derived from altering the colour of the ship's side from black to white. Captain Hastings having approved of the alteration, the ship was painted a light drab colour where it was black before, upon which the leaks ceased, and she has now continued perfectly tight for more than twelve months; and, indeed, I can confidently state, that the ship will last as long again in her present situation, as she had begun to shrink and split to an astonishing extent when the outside surface was black, which has entirely ceased since the colour has been altered."—*Athenaeum*.

TO THE WILD BEE.

One of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had garnd'd life for me with flowers!
Thou bringest to my mind the white-thorn bough,
The blooming henth, and fox-glove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.
Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah, they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window happily papest near.
No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lovelier-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the flow'ry view,
No stinging thou leav'st behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.
Oft have I marvel'd at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil
Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.
Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, enaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,
Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!
Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor Bee!
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall:
But, ah, though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews.
Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and overarching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentine laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honied comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.
Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers,
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;
With branches from the super pendent fir,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing:
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check:
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused, sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.
Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloy'd, thou little busy Bee,
And have thy memory unmix'd with aught of pain!
But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

T. S.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh. Also by W. S. OWEN, Amen Corner, London. J. MACLEOD, Agent, Glasgow. Sold by all booksellers.